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THE Death and Burial OF JOHN ASGILL, Esq;: WITH Some other Verses Occasion'd by His BOOKS.

——Some great Authors have told me, That the *best Way* of handling an *Artificial Fool*, is, to do it in his *own Kind*: and to laugh him into Discretion, wou'd be the most proper *Expedient* to recover him from his Folly.

Rational Evidence of a Future World.

——We strictly charge and require all our Loving Subjects, to discover and apprehend the Authors and Publishers of all Pernicious Books and Pamphlets, that contain in them Impious Doctrins, tending to the Subversion of the Christian Religion, and to bring them before some Magistrate, that they may be proceeded against according to Law.

The King's Proclamation *for Punishing Profaneness.*

DUBLIN,

Printed in the Year, 1702.

THE

Death and Burial

OF

JOHN ASGILL Esq:

WITH

Some other Verses Occasion'd by His BOOKS.

PUBLISHED

Printed in the Year, 1702.

The King's Proclamation, &c. *Juſtify'd.*

WHen *Subjects* rudely treat *God's* Sacred Word,
His Miniſters in vain, muſt bear The Sword,
If ſuch *Licenti'ous Pens* They don't reſtrain,
And *vindicate that God by whom They reign*:
Their *Arms*, a-while, may with Succeſs be crown'd,
But *God*, at length, Their *Greatneſs* will confound;
As *Phara'oh's Chari'ots* were o'r-whelm'd and drown'd.
But when a *Monarch* makes *God's Cauſe* his Own,
What mighty Hoſts of Angels guard His Throne!
To Him, for Refuge, Injur'd Nati'ons come;
He's fear'd *Abroad*, and He's belov'd *at Home*:
He need not dread Conſpiring *France* and *Spain*;
Heav'n, by *his Arm*, will Its own Right maintain;
And ſpread his glorious Conqueſts o'r the Main.

To

The King's Proclamation, &c.

WHen Subjects rudely treat God's Sacred Word,
His Ministers in vain, muſt bear The Sword,
If ſuch Diſcarters Pow'r They don't reſtrain,
And vindicate that God by whom They reign:
Their Arms, a-while, may with Succeſs be crown'd,
But God, at length, Their Treaſon will confound;
As Pharaoh's Chariots were o'erwhelm'd and drown'd.
But when a Monarch makes God's Cauſe his Own,
What mighty Hoſts of Angels guard His Throne!
To Him, for Refuge, injur'd Nations come;
He's fear'd Abroad, and He's belov'd at Home:
He need not dread Conſpiring Fraude and Pain;
Heav'n, by his Arm, will its own Right maintain;
And ſpread his glorious Conqueſts o'r the Main.

To The Readers.

On Mr. Aſgill's Sickneſs.

A Man is lately come to Town,
Whoſe Tenents run all Phyſick down:
But, when Infirm his Body's State is,
My Readers, *Riſum teneatis?*
To ſee him ſend, in ſuch Condition,
For able *Surge'on* and *Phyſitian*:
To him, what's Bleeding? what are Pills?
What's ev'ery crabbed Name that fills
Our long Apothecary-Bills?
Help (did he want It) they can't give;
They oftner kill, than keep alive:
Poor *Soul* and *Body*! they muſt part 'em,
When All is done *Secundum Artem*.
Yet He may *Conſultati'ons* try,
And their united Pow'ers defie;
They can't *deſtroy*, if He can't *die*.

THE

To The Readers.

On Mr. Aſgill's Sickneſs.

A Man is lately come to Town,
Whole Tenents run all Phyſick down:
But, when Infirm his Body's State is,
My Readers, Aſgill tenents?
To ſee him fend, in ſuch Condition,
For able Surgeon and Phyſician:
To him, what's Bleeding? what are Pills?
What's every crabbed Name that fills
Our long Apothecary-Bills?
Help (did he want It) they can't give:
They oftner kill, than keep alive:
Poor Soul and Body! they muſt part 'em,
When All is done Secundum Artem.
Yet He may Conflictat'ons try,
And their united Pow'rs defie:
They can't deſtroy, if He can't die.

THE

THE DEATH and BURIAL Of *JOHN ASGILL* Esq;

The Discoverer of *A New Way*, To the Other World, (by *Translation*, without *Dying*.)

WILL not the *Fiery Chariot* come
To wait on *Faithful Asgill* Home?
Why have Its Steeds such heavy Heels?
Or why so slowly move its Wheels?
One Grain of Faith made Mountains go;
And cou'd not *All His Store* make Them do so?
No sure: This Breathless Lump of Clay
Shews that He went *The Common Way*:
His Flesh corrupts, as if It meant
To Answer His own *Argument*:
That they are Mortal, All must grant,
Who Roses or Embalming want:

And don't We ſmell His Body Here,
Tho' His Soul's gone the Lord knows where?

Diſpatch then, *Jo*; (*a*) light all the Links:
Had you a Noſe you'd find he ſtinks:
He wou'd have ruin'd quite your Trade,
And all the Cloaks e'r (*b*) *Kerney* made;
And, in their Room, have brought in Fashion
Tranſlation--Mantles, (*c*) thro' the Nation.
With all the ſpeed Revenge can make,
Away the Grand *Projecter* take:
His Soul let God or Devil have,
Down with his Carkaſs to the Grave:
And, with It, his dear *Book* may go;
Whoſe formal Similies, Con, and Pro,
Make many Pages but ſo ſo.
So comically All's exprett,
The Whole is Nothing but a Jeſt:
And if the Learn'd no Anſwer give,
Long of It ſelf, It cannot live.

(*a*) *Kennedy*, who has dropt his Noſe: and who orders the Lights at Funerals.
(*b*) Who provides Blacks at Funerals.
(*c*) Like that of *Elijah*.

A Thing

A thing ſo weak muſt quickly rot;
Tho' He wou'd put no *Finis* to't:
(As if, by His Divinity,
The very Book ſhou'd never die:)
And 'twas well done; for Its beſt Line is
Where *Aſgill* ſtands inſtead of *Finis*.
May *Book* and *Author* have One Fate;
And, neither, God or Man tranſlate,
Till the laſt Day; when All ſhall ſee
He dy'd, like Men, by God's Decree:
When He, with Shame and Horror, muſt
See himſelf riſen from the Duſt;
And making *Nero's Pray'r* his own)
Shall wiſh *he had not Letters known*,
Or had beſtow'd his Hours on *Coke*,
When he began that Curſed *Book*,
Which made his Guilt more heavy grow,
As its Infection ſpread Below.
But, wretched Man! too late He'll ſee
His Folly and Death's Certainty;
And own, for All, the *Sacred Text*
Appoints Death Firſt, and Judgment Next.

So ſhall he wiſh his Work undone:
Yet ſome may like what he begun;
And ſay, in Scorn, What's That Aſſertion,
Duſt ſhall to Duſt? That dry, old Verſion,
With Faith, of *Aſgill*'s late Creation,
Is nothing to his *New Tranſlation*;
Which ſaves all *Adam*'s Generation,
From Death, as well as from Damnation.
So that believe, upon their Honour,
The fam'd *J. Aſgill* and *B.* (*a*) *Connor*,
And you will ſee the Reaſon why
So many Creatures hourly die,
Is, *Want of Faith*; not *Want of Meat*:
We muſt Believe; but *need not Eat.*
But, had *John* try'd what *Bernard* ſaid,
With Him, long ſince, He had been Dead:
And *John's Faith* do's Us no more Good,
Than *Bernard's Living without Food.*
Which of the Two do'you think will beſt ſucceed,
The *Doctor's Goſpel*, or *The Lawyer's Creed?*

(*a*) Dr. *Bernard Connor*, in his *Evangelium Medici*, aſſerts, That Man may live for ever without Nouriſhment.

His

His *Creed* wou'd bring to light, you ſee,
(O wonderful Diſcovery !
The *Body's Immortality* :
Of which *The' Apoſtles* hardly thought ;
And which we'are ſure They never taught :
That Point to know and to declare,
They all *too Dull, too Envi'ous* were.
But He, inſtructed by The Devil,
Wou'd ſeem, to Man, more Wiſe and Civil ;
Wou'd, for his Honour, ſay much more
Than e'r was ſaid, by Man, before :
And nobler Terms for him deſign,
Than were allow'd by th'Will divine.
The *Serpent*'s Logick He wou'd try,
And ſaid, *Ye ſhall not ſurely die* :
This he wou'd have us All believe ;
For, ſo the *Dev'il beguiled Eve.*
Such fair Pretence of Love might make
His Pois'nous Doctrine ſooner take :
As Artiſts bitter Med'icines give,
And, with Gilt Pills, our Senſe deceive.

What

What did he to The Devil owe,
For helping out his Fancy ſo?
And ſince the De'vil will have his due,
That He has Him, I fear's too true.

How can his Mis'ery be expreſt,
Who did the Holy Scriptures wreſt?
Who durſt, his Maker's dreadful Name,
With Impi'ous Drollery blaſpheme;
Who God's Appointment over-rul'd,
And All that's Sacred ridicul'd;
Who (that his Project might ſucceed)
For looſeſt Atheiſts made, indeed,
Diverting Come'dy of the Creed.
None, but the Pen of Angels, can
Deſcribe the Plagues of ſuch a Man.
His ſentenc'd Soul can Faith reprieve?
The Dev'ils as well as He, believe:
And more than that the Devils do;
When they *Believe*, *they Tremble too.*
But he was not, for what he ſaid,
Of God's avenging hand afraid;

Tho'

Tho' his *Peculiar Faith*, Below,
He, by Good Works, cou'd never ſhew.
What e'r his *Faith* was, when the Author's try'd
By his own Book, it cannot be deny'd
That He had no Religi'on when He Dy'd.
On to the Road then, Bearers, paſs;
And there interr him like an Aſs:
His Bones, in ſome Old Ditch, be thrown,
By God deſpis'd, by Man unknown:
That no good-natur'd Paſſenger
May ſigh and ſay, *Poor Aſgill's Here*;
Or pay him One reſpectful Tear:
Only *unhallow'd Ground* is fit
For One who ſo *profanely writ*,
With *Great Conceit*, and *Little Wit*.

The Apology.

WHo ſays that I tranſgreſt, becauſe I have
Suppos'd the *Living Aſgill* in his *Grave*?
Such a Poëtick Licence is no Crime
To that bold Freedom All obſerv'd in Him:

And I no more can think that *Asgill*'s Dead,
Than He believe what He himself has said:
But I, the *Hebrew Way* of Writing, go;
And say, *that's done, which surely shall be so.*

The Review:

To Mr. ASGILL.

AS Fancy mov'd, You wrote; and so did I:
I've taken mine; and You, your liberty.
But lest what I suppos'd offence shou'd give,
May you *Methuselah* himself out-live:
And (tho' your three small *Books* contain enough,
For that long Space of Time, of useless Stuff;
Yet) some new *Pamphlet* ev'ry Year set forth,
Of *Whyms* and *Jests*; or of as little Worth:
Yoy'll disappoint Revenge by such a Course;
For (*a*) *Priests* and *Lawy'ers* can't expose you worse.

(*a*) Who are most unmannerly abus'd in Mr. *Asgill*'s Books.

Upon Mr. Aſgill's Eſſays *on* Faith *and A Registry.*

WHenever The Judici'ous Reader looks
On Mr. *Aſgill*'s lately Printed Books,
He'll plainly ſee that Thus the Matter ſtands;
That's for *Tranſlating Bodies*; This, *for Lands.*
But, if he can't propoſe ſome ſurer Way
For our *Transferring* Lands without delay,
Than that he wou'd have, *Men to Heav'n, convey*;
He may draw *Bills* until the Judgment-Day.
That he is good at *Bills, Bond, Obligation,*
Is often ſaid by many in the Nation:
But tho' (as they maintain) one freely grants
He may well underſtand *ſuch Covenants*,
Yet ſure he acts above his *Skill* and *Place*,
When he explains the *Covenant of Grace*:
(*In which God never any Promiſe gave,*
Believers, from the Stroke of Death, to ſave;
But ſtands oblig'd to raiſe them from the Grave.)

Yet

Yet we can't wonder he ſhou'd things expound,
In ſuch a manner as muſt All confound:
That man ſpoil's All who takes a Work in hand
Which he was never bred to underſtand.
But why, his proper Bounds, has *Aſgill* paſt?
Tranſlators ſhou'd not go beyond their Laſt.
Drawing new *Bills* for *Legal Regiſtries*,
Is doing That in which his *Calling* lies:
But when he meddl'es with *Divinity*,
Some will be apt to ſay his Aim's too high;
And he muſt fall when he attempts to flie,
On his own *New-found Engine*, to the Skie. 160, 161.
Yet (ſince his Thoughts on that fine *Project* ran)
Even in the Way to Heav'en, if he can
He will not follow any other Man.
But, againſt *all the Learned World*, engage: 58. 82.
Which dos his Folly ſhew, and Shame preſage.
For ſince he gives a *Challenge* to them all,
By their own hands the haughty Soul ſhou'd fall.

Some

Some Paſtor from the Flock, like *David*, go,
And gallantly engage the daring Foe;
Who no reſpect to God or Man will ſhow:
When Skill and Courage manage well *The Word*;
The Here'tick drop's before the Spirit's Sword:
So the Inſulting *Gathick Giant's* Pride
The Armies of the Living God, defy'd;
But ſoon inglori'ouſly he *ſunk* and *dy'd*.

On Mr. Aſgill's Bill *for a* Regiſtry.

SInce *Aſgill* croſs'd rough Seas with Our Truſtees,
Only to Wait, Toil, Sweat, and heap up Fees;
Why ſhou'd He think that Inns-of-Court Men will
Ever Aſſent to His Pernici'ous Bill?
Yet, when *Rome* damns Her Gainful Purgatory;
When *Miſers* love not Gold, tho' ne'r ſo hoary;
When *Lewis* wont his Solemn League diſown,
Or raiſe a *Grand-ſon* to the *Spaniſh Throne*;
But keeps His Word, and makes *The Duke deſpiſe*
That World of Ore which in the *Indies* lies;

Lawy'ers may paſs *A Bill* that quite deſtroys
Their Hopes of Silver and of Yellow-Boys.
He muſt deſign for Them, by His *New Bill*,
What *Dutch-men* may expect from *Charles's Will*;
Which, by *French Art* and by *French Gold* was made,
To make Them Poor, by cutting off their Trade.
What Knaviſh Tricks ſome play to turn the Scales!
A *King's Forg'd Will*, and *A Falſe Prince of Wales*.

Upon Mr. Aſgill's Eſſays *On* Tranſlation, Money, *and* Regiſtries.

WHo more at random than *John Aſgill* writ?
Three Books he publiſh'd, and not *One* has hit.
The Wiſe laugh at 'em; and the very Rabble
Conclude that they are All Impracticable:
They mind not much his *Eſſay* on *Tranſlation*;
But think The *Other* wou'd oblige the Nation:
And, therefore, when his *Body mounts the Skies*,
Look for *New Money*, and *New Regiſtries*:

And

And triple Honour for his Name design,
As First-rate *Stateſman, Lawy'er,* and *Divine.*

The Pilot: *To the Ship's Crew.*

On Mr. Aſgill's *Going to Sea.*

CHear up my Mates; ſince *Aſgill*'s Here,
Why ſhou'd we, fouleſt Weather fear?
Tho' Tempeſts riſe, they're but The *Wind*
For his *Tranſlation-Day* deſign'd:
And tho' the Waters ſwell and roar,
Let him but ſpread his *Mantle* o'r;
And we can't poſſibly be-drown'd;
But ev'ry man may, ſafe and ſound,
Foot it along upon dry Ground.
Men, as *Elijah* did, great Things ſhou'd do,
Then Hope to be, like him, tranſlated too.

To Mr. Aſgill,

On his Potter.

THo' God can *raiſe up Children out of Stones*, 83
And of *New Matter* make Blood, Fleſh, and Bones;
Yet,

Yet, if the Body of a Man that dies,
Shall not, at laſt, the ſelf-ſame Matter riſe,
(Chang'd only, or improv'd in Qualities)
The whole good Man cannot, to Heaven, go,
To be rewarded for Works Below:
Nor can his Fleſh who Virtu'ous Ways diſdains,
Share with Its Spirit in eternal Pains.
So that, from hence, all men muſt plainly ſee,
Old Forms, with *Your New Matter*, won't agree,
As to *All Purpoſes of Eternity.*

God may have *Characters* for ev'ry *Figure*;
Whether It be, a ſmall One, or a bigger;
But it's abſurd to ſay, his Wiſdom can
Try and Condemn the Figure of a Man.

God may ſo *Curious An Artiſt* prove
As to preſerve Your *Character* Above:
But what It is we don't preſume to tell;
(Tho' Here Your Character is known full well)
For what ſay You, our *Ferdinando?*
No Man can know until He can know. 87.

But, ſince God keeps *A Character* for You,
You'll give Him *One* too, either Falſe or True:

And

And fancy ſtrongly, to explain the Matter,
Nothing cou'd ever have been written patter,
Than what You ſay, when You Our God compare
Unto *A Potter, with his broken Ware,*
Thrown into ſome By-corner, without Care:
As if you ſat, all Night, with drunken Sots,
And ſtole The Fancy from their very Pots.

Of all Compariſons none more odi'ous are
Than Yours, when You the' Almighty thus compare:
Not the leaſt Phraſe in all the ſacred Book,
Dos, like your Senſe of Pots and Potters, look.
Your brittle Pots, indeed, our Weakneſs ſpeak:
So frail is Man! ſo quickly dos He break!
And ſince Almighty God *dos Some* refuſe,
And *Some*, according to his Pleaſure, *chuſe*,
As Pots are made for *fine* and *courſer Uſe*;
A Potter's Work may ſet forth *Reprobation*,
And the *Election* of a righte'ous Nation;
But never can relate unto *Tranſlation*.

All, therefore, you deliver'd on this Head,
Is mean, and most impertinently said;
Unless re-making Pots be raising up the Dead.
But, to this Matter we have said enough:
Pray, let us have no more of Kitchin-stuff.

Custom against Asgill.

Custom sometimes shou'd be allow'd no more,
Than laughing at One all the City o'r,
When His Sweet Spouse, *for want of Faith*, turn's Whore.
Yet since it was a *Custom* Man shou'd die,
If he were guilty found of *Blasphemy*;
And such a *Custom* (*grounded upon Reason,*
The Reason holding still) is still in Season;
There is not, *Asgill*, any thing, that I know,
Can you exempt from Death by Right *divino*;
Unless for You, that *Custom* One admits,
Which hangs small Criminals, and great acquits.

But ſince a *Cuſtom without Reaſon for It*,

Is ſuch Defence that All but Fools abhor It;

It muſt be own'd, by All Men that are Wiſe,
By *unrepealed Cuſtom Aſgill* dies.

Argumentum ad Hominem.

STrangely You write; and wiſely tell us why;
Becauſe the Man, that can't ſpeak Truth, can lie. 36
You muſt diſſolve; God has determin'd It:
And what is Fix'd cannot a Change admit. 37
To boaſt, You'll *Trump on Death*, ſeems very odd; 103
For, it's *to turn the Lie upon your God.* 36
If Duſt ſhall not turn to the Earth again,
God can't the Truth of his own Word maintain: 36
And when the Law of Death You *thus* deny,
You, *God*, by your Attempt, *undeify*:
For, *on the Truth of his* (a) *Firſt Words* depends (a) *Gen.* 2. 7.
His having ſuch a Life as never ends.

Banter upon Banter.

THo' many things, of *Going Hence*, you've ſhow'd us,
Still the Diſpute remains about the *Modus*.

A *Lady's Hand* gave you a mortal Stroke; *Pref.* 5.
Yet, if One muſt be murder'd, *quoad hoc*,
Whether the Softer Sex, or harder Stone,
Daſh out his Brains (you know) it is all one.

Suppoſe your Mother dy'd in Childbed, who
Will, therefore, ſay, that you muſt do ſo too? 9

Yet, whenſoever your laſt Hour is come,
(In this, or any other *Anno Dom.*)
We can't but think that you will rather chooſe
To die in *Mother's Bed*, than *Father's Nooſe*:
(Altho' this latter Way exalts your Station,
And looks, indeed, more like unto *Tranſlation*.
Leſt, when the Spirit mounts, your earthly Part,
By nat'ural Bent, ſhou'd downward baſely Start;
And ſhamefully return with Horſe and Cart.

But if, by *Jury Phys*, Sir, you are found,
Born to be *Hang'd*, you never will be *Drown'd*.

The Retort given Mr. Aſgill *by a Lady.*

Pref. 5

I

YOu with *Paul's Worthies* make a mighty Stir:
But let me tell You One Thing, *Worthy Sir*;
Faith that exalted *Enoch* to the Skies,
Was rais'd by many noble Qualities:
And, without thoſe, let *Faith* be ne'r ſo great,
'Twill not have Pow'er ſuffici'ent to *Tranſlate*.
Tho' we muſt not our *Perſo'nal Virtues* plead,
As meriting Rewards, Alive or Dead; 98.
Yet ſince an *Holy Life* is the Condition
Of Entr'ing Heav'n; our Sins muſt Bar Admiſſion,
When, to that Place (forſaking All Below)
We wou'd thro' *Death*, or by *Tranſlati'on* go:
Our God moſt juſtly, we may *then* expect,
Will, *perſo'nal Sins, againſt our Faith, object*,
Chriſt's Holineſs ſav'd not himſelf from Death,
Becauſe, *by Compact*, He reſign'd his Breath:

He had not ſav'd us, had he ſinful been,
And yet He dy'd for Man's imputed Sin.

Advice to Mr. Aſgill.

IF you'd be One of thoſe that *ſhall not die*, 77.
But being *chang'd*, aſcend immediately;
(Tho' you wou'd not (to be interr'd in State)
For Veſtry-Men or Petty Canons wait, 93
Deſpiſing all vain Glories of the Great,
Yet) for that Change, I hope, you'll wait *the Time*;
Leſt you fall ſhort, if haſtily you climb:
Have Pati'ence then until the *Trumpet's Sound*
Awake's and call's Your Fellows under Ground:
For not a Man dares ſtir, or leave the ſame, 92.
Before He's ſummon'd *by his very Name*:
Tho' *Tom* be call'd, what's that to *Jack*, or *Will*,
To *Sam* or *Robin*? they muſt All lie ſtill)
When you wou'd quote the *Sentence of St. Paul*, 1 *Cor.* 15. 52, 53.
You ſhou'd have giv'en It whole, or not at all,
Juſtice, tho' not your Cauſe, for That did call.

Yet

Yet He may well cut ſhort *the Apoſtle's Words*,
Who make's no Scruple to pervert *His Lord's*:
He that believe's in me ſhall never die,
Says Chriſt; that is, ſha'n't die *eternally*:
But you expound It thus, *Believers ſhall*,
Ev'en in this preſent World, *not die at all*.
So that, to Chriſt, you (in Effect) reply,
If *that* your Meaning be, Good Sir, you lye;
Which is no leſs than down-right Blaſphemy.

On Mr. Aſgill's *Opinion of the Thief on the Croſs.* 85, 61.

YOu're for Extreams I ſee: your *Faith* is ſuch,
You will believe *too little*, or *too much*.
In your *own Caſe* how great is your Belief!
How little in the *Matter of the Thief*!
When your Time's come, Sir, without more a-do,
Your Soul and Body muſt to Heaven go:
But (as ſome Men who ſuffe'ring Monarchs own,
For all their Service have no favour ſhown,

So)

So) tho' 'twas ſaid, the Thief ſhou'd do the ſame,
When Chriſt himſelf into his Kingdom came,
All was but *Complement*; a very *Sham*.
We can't but know what the *Thief's Prayer* meant;
And, by *Chriſt's Anſwer*, judge of his Intent:
Yet what's their Meaning unto you? you know
The *Peni'tent Thief* did not to Heaven go.
But in what unknown Regi'on of the Skies,
Was his Soul lodg'd, if not *in Paradiſe*?
Since, on the Croſs, Chriſt promis'd to Tranſlate
His better Part, unto a glori'ous State;
(To honour One that own'd Him in Diſgrace)
He cou'd deſign no leſs than *Change of Place*:
A naked *Title* to't (without Poſſeſſion)
Had been a poor Reward for his *Confeſſion*.
But, to *your Senſe*, what do the Learned ſay?
Why, truly They ne'r dreamt on't to this Day:
But think the Thief went off, *the beaten Way*,
And leave to you, Sir, to prevent all Strife,
The lonely, the *untrodden Path of Life*:
So *Abram* ſaid to *Lot*, *Pray let there be*
No Strife between our Men; *or Thee and Me*;

Take

Take Thou the left Hand, to the right I'll go;
Then Both shak'd Hands, and friendly parted so.

The Close:

OR,

The Preacher's Application to Mr. Asgill.

WHen Common Preachers give *Our Savi'our's Blood*,
They 're, by the People, rightly understood;
Who own that It dos Something signify,
Tho' All Communicants are doom'd to die;
Let them receive It ne'r so worthily.
Upon good Grounds they think All's very well,
If, by the *Sacrament*, they're sav'd from Hell:
Tho' they've *no more*, their Labour's not in vain:
And *all your Faith* cannot *so much* obtain.
But happy are you, if you do repent
Of your Reflections on The *Sacrament*:
Then, *That* to you, Sir, we shou'd freely give,
Which *now* you are unworthy to receive:

And you'll escape the dreadful Place assign'd
For trifling with that *Blood* which saves Mankind.
Beg *Pardon*, then, for All you've *falsely* said
Whilst you're *Alive*; or want *It* when you're *Dead*.
To this Advice, Sir, if you deaf remain,
Vain is *Our Preaching*; and *Your Faith* is vain;
Our very *Prayers*, on you, are thrown away;
And nothing can convince you, but *The Judgment-Day*.

FINIS.

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